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# SWEDISH EROTICA

SALE TO MINORS  
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A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE



In this Issue...  
John Holmes  
Johnny Keyes

**W**e are living today in the midst of a technological revolution. Never before have things changed so rapidly and drastically. What is brand spanking new today is obsolete tomorrow — or this afternoon. It is even possible, due to advances in technology brought about by space research, that the fuck film as we know it may eventually become a thing of the past. Microcircuitry may be the means of its demise. Those incredibly tiny chips that do marvelous things electronically may, some day, end the production of fuck films.

Anyone with the bucks to spare can be a film producer today. There isn't even the need to worry about finding a processor willing to develop your fuck film, personally shot with the assistance of friends in the privacy of your own home. You do your shooting with a TV camera, and the image that you capture is magnetic in nature and imbedded in tape, ready to project the instant you've taken it. If you so desire, living color can be used for instant replay. All it takes is money.

We've seen some efforts of this sort, shot by friends, and although the quality was poor, the action, at least, was interesting. No cocks like Big John's, but certainly enough energy expended. And they had no trouble finding volunteer performers.

So it's only a question of time. Equipment is getting less expensive, and those using it becoming more practiced, more skilled. The day is not far off when people will be exchanging personally photographed tapes of homemade fuck films. ●



FILM #222: STUD RANCH



FILM #223: KNOCK! KNOCK!

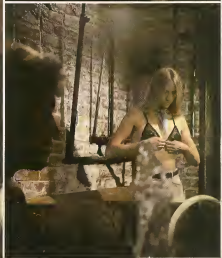


FILM #224: BIG TEASE



Featuring...  
**John Holmes**

# FILM #222: STUD RANCH

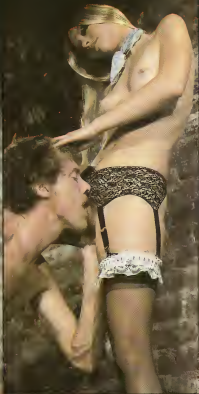




## STUD RANCH

**I**n the realm of feature film production, photographic quality, while of great importance, is not the most vital ingredient. A film poorly photographed will almost certainly fail at the box office — but not always. Now and then one succeeds entirely on acting, story, or some inexplicable characteristic perhaps best described as “mood.” That term

“mood” generally means that the film was underexposed and the characters are dimly seen through an all encompassing murk. The film is then described by the critics as “art” and the pseudointellectuals pay their dollars by the ton to waste their time and strain their eyesight watching something they cannot enjoy because it contains nothing enjoyable or enlightening.





**"The girl is beautiful. Her sensuality is hidden beneath a mask of pure-bred innocence until John's gentle hands, skillful tongue and insatiable cock bring it forth full-blown."**

Not so with fuck films. The audience is paying to see cock enter cunt or mouth busily at work on some species of sex organ. The audience wants to see clearly and explicitly what is happening, with nothing left to the imagination. Show the action through murk and they will be banging on the box office door, demanding their money back.

*Stud Ranch* has no murk. The photography is among the best we've seen in years, either a tribute to the cameraman's skill or to Eastman Kodak, the company most responsible

for today's photographic emulsions. Other manufacturers only go where Kodak goes first.

So *Stud Ranch* has some of the finest fucking closeups we've ever seen, and with colors rendered so close to reality that not a single fault can be found. How many fuck films have you watched wherein the color was so bad that green cocks were being sucked by purple lips? How many orange tits? How many balls have bobbed before your eyes in hues only a corpse could possess?

Perfect photography,

of course, is not the whole story of *Stud Ranch*. Big John Holmes performs in it, which is always to the good. When Big John is doing the pronging, the action is always potent. The man has more cock than any three other men we know combined, and he has as exact control over the thing as a master violinist over his preferred instrument. We believe that he could probably play tunes on that massive organ if called upon to do so. He certainly plays tunes on the cunt of his leading lady in this fic.













And he does much more than just play tunes on her cunt. Big John, as many of his fans are aware, has near perfect timing. This means that he comes on demand, on cue, and delivers his load when and where it will do the most good pictorially. He also delivers in huge quantities. The lavish deposits of sticky stuff

decorating the lips and cheeks of his leading ladies are not makeup applied by a technician. They're the real McGoo, and they come courtesy of Big John's expertise.

There is also the obligatory cuntlicking, another art at which John Holmes excels. Since expertise in cunt licking cannot be due to





**"That she is not as innocent as she appears becomes quite apparent as she gives Big John one of the most thorough blow-jobs this critic has ever seen on the silver screen."**

anatomical superiority, John has to have learned it the hard way, which means that he licked many cunts in the training process. (Hint to readers: If you want to be a great cunt lick, you've not only got to put your heart and soul into it, you've got to practice, practice, practice.)

Incidentally, this is one John Holmes film in which you'll have the chance of seeing the big man with a limp dick. Yes, he winks, even if only for a moment. This unusual occurrence takes place immediately following the

delivering of the largest load we've ever seen fired on film. John must have been really turned on for that one, because he delivered what looked like at least a cupful of cum into the gal's mouth. After a discharge like that any man deserves to go limp for a moment.


Much of the credit must go to the gal, as usual unnamed, who costars with Big John. She has the usual equipment, of course, and in the usual places and proportions, but she also possesses a fire that is generally lacking in

women hired for these films. Perhaps the extra thrill of working with Big John stirred her or, perhaps, she gets a special charge out of fucking before the cameras. Whatever the reason, the viewer will be treated to something special in almost every moment of this film. It's really too bad that the producer could not afford to extend the length of this film and, perhaps, provide a plot line which would be worthy of the performers' efforts. All in all, however, one of the best fuck films we've seen. ●









"The come scenes are, as usual, authentic, with quarts of John's joy-juice squirting everywhere — all of which she dutifully licks away, leaving nothing but the serene expression on her face."





**FILM #224**  
**BIG TEASE**

**Featuring...**  
**John Holmes**





## BIG TEASE

**P**erhaps because we're a city boy, this critic gets a particular charge out of fuck films set against a background of greenery. Growing things turn us on, as do petite gals getting pronged by big cocks. And John Holmes, the star of this epic, certainly has a big enough tool. Be assured that if ever we criticize Big John for his efforts before the cameras it is because of envy. We watch him perform, then close our eyes and imagine ourselves similarly equipped. Wouldn't the ladies sit up — or lay down — and take notice of that?

Anyhow, John is at his potent best in *Big Tease*, though there is little teasing done by anyone in the film. John certainly doesn't tease his leading lady. He gets that cock into her as fast as pos-

sible, not to mention what he does to her sweet pussy with his lips and tongue. The gal with us when we were watching this flic was squirming in her seat while John went down on the gal. We will swear on a stack of Bibles that she creamed in her pants right there in the theater. She certainly creamed later during an interesting discussion of the film's merits conducted in the seclusion of her bedroom. Thanks, John, for making the lady so accepting of our inadequate equipment.

The gal in this film was a turnon for us. This critic is particularly enamored of small, dark gals with slanted eyes, a personal preference not necessarily shared by others, but so what. Even critics are allowed their personal peculiarities.

Getting back to that teasing bit in the film's





**"Contrary to the title, the dark-haired beauty teamed with John Holmes in *Big Tease* does no teasing at all. She gets right down to business and gives him a blow-job he won't forget for quite a while."**

title. There is absolutely no teasing done by the leading lady. She wraps as much of her lips as possible around that big dong, and if she can't swallow more of it, well, neither can anyone else. We know of one person who claims the ability to swallow whole cocks the size of Big John's, but we doubt that John would care to take him on. That sort of cocksucking is not in his line, nor in our own, so this gent's cocksucking ability will never be tested by either of us.

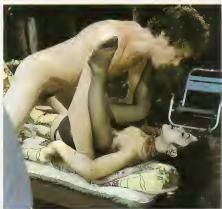
But the gal in *Big Tease* tries. She's obviously putting her heart and soul into the effort. So what if all she can encompass is the head of his cock? John shows his appreciation by the size of the load he shoots off, and it is indeed copious.

The fucking in this film is marvelous. It strains the imagination when all that incredible length of cock sinks balls deep into the snatch of so tiny a gal and we can just feel how tight it must be around him. That's one of the nice things about extra small women. Our experience has been that they frequently have cunts that grip as tight as an asshole, and that's tight.









The camera work, which can be tricky in a sylvan setting, is handled to perfection. As we have previously mentioned, new film emulsions now on the market have much greater latitude than those previously available, and make the cameraman's job much easier. They also render color more naturally, which is pleasing to the eye, especially when one of the performers is of a different racial background. No green cocks, et cetera.

We only wish the film had included a change of scene, with a bit more variety to the sexual performance. Sucking and cunt eating and fucking are all well and good, but we've seen them before. They still turn us on, witness the reaction of the lady who attended the film showing with us, but there should be more. Fuck film audiences are growing more sophisticated daily and are demanding more variety in their films. Remember





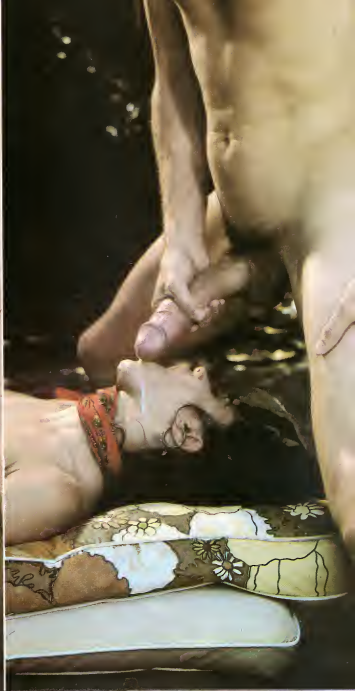


the days when poorly shot black and white films of a guy wearing a black mask and socks, pronging a broad who is already flat on her back, could turn us on? You don't? Then you're much younger than we are.

There was a time, happily long past, when the men in fuck films were all masked and the women professional whores. The only action was fucking. The lighting was poor and the quality of the film laughable. Yet millions of men and women were turned on by those atrocities and believed that there was nothing better available. How things have changed. Now we pick faults with films so incredibly superior to those early efforts that there is not even a basis for comparison. A few years from now we will probably be deriding films like *Big Tease* as laughable and amateur. Today, however, they're the best we've got. So see and enjoy. Tomorrow's films may be better, but this is today and these are the best we have. ●







**"Like all of  
the heroines  
in a John  
Holmes fic,  
she reaps  
the rewards  
of her  
efforts —  
much to her  
satisfaction."**



FEATURING  
*John Holmes*



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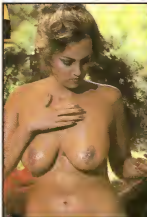
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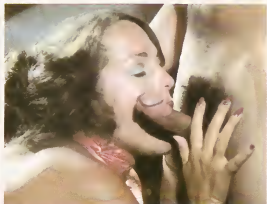


FILM#223:KNOCK!

**Featuring...  
Johnny Keyes**



**KNOCK!**





## KNOCK! KNOCK!

**A**nother example of Johnny Keyes and a friend demonstrating how many different sexual things two guys can do to one gal. If you like to see a lovely woman dripping cum, soaked with the stuff over just about every square inch of her body, this is it.

According to the story line, what there is of it, Johnny is the friend this time, and it's his buddy who begins the action by getting sucked off. Since the buddy has a smaller cock than Johnny's, perhaps this is a better way to begin the film. She can get more cock into her mouth and suck him in

deeper, which is more entertaining for ordinary guys like you and me. Johnny has a cock second only to Big John Holmes in size, though its blackness is often a treat to the ladies in the audience. Most women, black or white or any other shade, seem to be turned on by the idea of something different, like a cock of another color. From the critic's objective viewpoint, this is silly, because judging by what we have seen, they all operate in approximately the same way, regardless of color. Cocks don't know what color they are. Only the imagination supplies supposed differences in

performance. Johnny's is big, however, which is an important consideration.

There is the woman, lovely as sin and willing to accept anything that is thrust into her, from any direction and in any quantity. Her body is stacked like a brick shithouse, with jugs like watermelons and a face like a Botticelli angel. And there are those two guys energetically stuffing cocks into her.

Her passivity is sublime. There is nothing they can do to disturb her equanimity, nor does she react in any visible manner to the sexual stimulation they deliver. Per-





haps she is so deep in lustful pleasure that nothing can break through to the surface.

This lassitude is reflected in the actions of the man. They seem to go through their activities almost in slow motion, as though moving through jello. Maybe this was an art film and we hadn't noticed. Anyhow, *Knock!* *Knock!* is a change from the frenetic activity of the average fuck film.

We have some recommendations. Johnny Keyes should go on to do more and better films. Johnny is already a star, but his fame should burn brighter. He has the equipment to stir men's (and women's) minds, and he uses it to perfection. He is also, incidentally, the most proficient ess fucker in the business. His buddy, while more ordinary in the equipment department, shoots a heavy load and has the sort of body women appreciate.

As for the lady, we're not sure what we recommend. She certainly has the physical equipment to appeal to men, but can she use it? Was the lack of fire she displays engendered by fear of the cameras? First time in a fuck film? Lack of enjoyment of the physical proceedings? Or did the producer tell her to play it that way? We will not know until we see her perform again, perhaps with other leading men.

So this may be a film for those whose tastes run to passive women (which may actually be the majority). It certainly did little to stir our libido, which prefers women who join in the action with enthusiasm. But that's what makes horseracing, and this critic is not necessarily right. From your viewpoint this may be the greatest fuck film ever. ●



*Photo*

"At the close of filming this scene, we overheard the insatiable Mr. Keyes remarking to his male co-star about the female lead: 'Man, she's really an equal opportunity enjoyer!'"



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**Johnny Keyes**